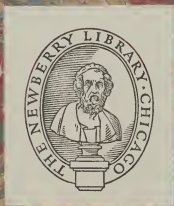
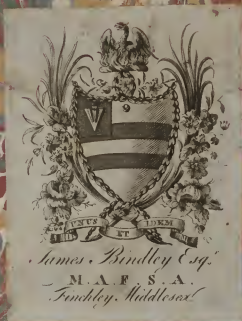
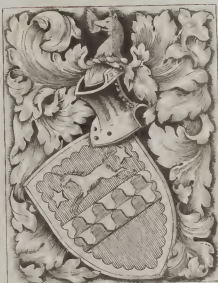


Louis H. Silver





C. H. WILKINSON

A. Cunningham upon the ...	in <u>Historical Sketches</u> in 1858
Thomson's ...	10 p. 171
Good ...	14 p. 175
A. ...	18 p. 181
The ...	10 p. 182
The ...	14 p. 239
The ...	10 p. 189
The ...	10 p. 185
W. ...	10 p. 248
The ...	10 p. 91
The ...	10 p. 185
The ...	10 p. 296
The ...	10 p. 13
The ...	10 p. 186
The ...	10 p. 237

"The Millennium upon the ... of ...", "Fossil ...", "The Oxford ...", "The ...", "The ...", and "The ...".

Five folio volumes of lampoons, ballads, and occasional
pieces, chiefly expressive of the opinions of the day, and
published between the Restoration and the end of the
century, were received by Mr. Bentley.

On Thomas Knott's collection Life of
Edmund Waller, James Price, p. 246

All were at one time in the possession of Benjamin
Dobell. This volume was bought from him by
Sir Charles Firth who sold it to me. Two (I saw
in the British Museum one was bought by Elaggs
on June 12, 1939, at Sotheby's. It was bound and
lettered as is this volume, and is in the Bodleian
Library. Another in the Huntington Library and the
volume which remains in the Bodleian.

A
CONGRATULATORY
P O E M,

TO HIS
Illustrious Highness
Prince Rupert,

Lord High Admiral;

And others the thrice Noble COMMANDERS of
His Majesties Naval FORCES.

ON THEIR
Couragious Gallantry

IN THE
Late ENGAGEMENT against the DUTCH.

AND
Taking their *East-India-Ships*.



664

CONGRATULATORY

P O F M

TO HIS

Most Excellent Highness

Prince Rupert

and High Admiral;

of the North Sea, and of the
The North Sea, and of the

of the

Countess of

of the

of the

and

of the



Printed by

THE NEWBERRY
LIBRARY

A
CONGRATULATOYR
P O E M,
O N
Prince Rupert.

Mounted on *Fancies* tow'ring Plums I flye,
Up to the *Middle Region* of the Skie;
Where hovering long, the Cause I fought to know,
Of sundry *Armies*, fluttering then below.
I saw *Vapours* ascend like gentle Dews,
And down again in pondrous *Clouds* diffuse;
Love too, that did with mortals play,
And laugh to see 'um led by *Light* astray;
When suddenly a *Thunder* pierc'd my Ear,
That made me Natures *Gaping* Horr. to fear,
With rising *Mountains* of black Sulphrous Smoak
That dim'd the *Stars*; and *Sol* himself might choak,
Straight round about I cast my troubled Eye,
And though neer *Heaven*, from thence thought fit to fly,
So dismal still the *Error* did appear,
I knew not where 'twas *safe*, nor what to fear;
Sometime I thought the *Giants* that of old,
Attack'd the *Gear*, breaking their *Prison*-hold,
Were flinging *Mountains* at the Head of *Jove*;
Whil'st he as fast threw *Thunder-bolts* above,
Nor was I much deceiv'd, the *Fable* bate,
And truly we this *Prodigy* shall state,
Th' ungrateful *Dutch*, by *England's* milder Prince,
Preserved from the Jaws of *Ruine* long since;
And from the *Poore Destressed* Slaves of Fate,
Still *Pamper'd* up to *High and Mighty* State,
Their generous *Patrons* kindnesse requite,
With insolent usurping of his Right,
Right of the Narrow Seas, A precious Gem,
Fixt ever in the *British* *Diadem*,
To quell those *Sons of Mud*, our *Jove* had sent
RUPERT, in whom Nature all *Wonders* meant,
And that at's *Birth* she might her self out doe,
Has drawn in one vast Soul the Pow'rs of two.
On this Debate, the *Squarons* of each Fleet
Prancing on *Neptunes* curled Billows meet,

A Poem, to Prince Rupert.

English and *Dutch* their mutual Fates to dare,
Those led by *Honour*, these backt with *Dispair*.

No Ceremonies now — First Complement.
From *Brazen Mouths* with *murdering Breath* is sent,
The *Day* they banish, butt' uphold the *Fight*,
Their quick *Broad sides* do furnish them with *Light*.
Here drops a *Mast*, and there the *Tatter'd Sails*,
Become the sports of the *Infranchiz'd Gales*;
In *breaks* a *Shot*, and then they must take pain,
To Pump whole *Seas* into the *Sea* again.

Arms, *Bowells*, *Legs*, and gasty *Heads* are spread
Throughout the *Decks*, all coyer'd with the *dead*,
Till hurried *Over board* at last they have
Some *Ravenous Fishes* Belly for a *Grave*;
While still great *Guns* for others loudly Roar,
And turn the *rooky Ocean* into *Gore*;
Who'e *Liquorish* tast a stragling *Whale* had drew,
So near, that he the *Smoking Ships* could view,
Heard their fierce *Belowings*, beheld the *Fire*,
Which from their *Throats* in *flashes* did aspire,
When *jealous grown*, and frighted much to see
Leviathan's more dreadful far than he;
He *Duck'd* under a *Wave*, speeds to his *Shoale*,
All *downs* them all to keep neer the *North-pole*.

Mean time the *PRINCE*, that durst all dangers meet,
By his *Examples*, banisht *Fear* the *Fleet*;
At his bright *Beams* they all their *Tapers* Light,
And by His *Dial* set their *Motions* right,
Admiring still the *Grandeur* of his mind,
Where matchless *Valour* with like *Conduct's* joynd.
The Gallant *SPRAGE* in a relentless *Rage*,
The *Fiercest Foes* does for long time Engage,
And stood their *Shots*, when thickest they did fly,
Till *Fate*, conspiring with the *Enemy*,
Decrees his *Doom* amongst the *trecherous Waves*,
Whom he so oft had *trampled* ore as *Slaves*.

But in what *losty-straines* shall we admire,
That *Worthy* Son of a most *Noble Syre*,
Heroick *OSERT*! Our *Pen's* too weak;
Pluck out thy golden *Trumpet* *Fame* and speak,
Speak his bright *Name* as far as *Light* can fly,
And make it lasting as *Eternity*.

Nor shall the *Waves* of black *Oblivion* Drown
Brave *Munday's* worth, but time his merits crown.
The *Prize* took, that from the *Indies* came,
Shall yield us *Spices* to Embalm his *Name*.

The conquering *Genious* of our *British* Isles,
Comes *generous-Souls*! to welcome you with *smiles*.
Your *own Deeds* are your best *Heralds*, to tell
Th'admiring *World*, how much you do *Excell*;
Whilst we *Lisp* out your *praise*, or dully wonder,
Your *Cannons* speak it better far in *Thunder*.